

MOST EXTRAORDINARY TENEMENTS
In New York, Where Twelve Different Nationalities Live.

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MORE FREAK
VEHICLES ON RUBBER TIRES.

The Bicycle Idea
Applied to Hansom
Cabs, Lawn Mowers
and Other Odd Things.

would be noticed gleaning over the head of this East Side merchant, for a busy, bustling trade was going on within its four walls, and his assistants, who come hither from all parts of the city, were unable to make themselves well understood by the people who came in to trade.

Outside the door, on the corner of Barfanoil, was a stand where the watermelon, the cantaloupe, had combination fruit and soda water stand. Despite the competition of the saloons, soda water is esteemed a great delicacy, and the stand, which is on the East Side, and in summer time a street fountain, never lacks patrons. In winter it stands unused, but still there, a neighborhood landmark.

Barfanoil is a Jew, and one of the few of the region that this is a man they should patronize. In the polyglot tenement Barfanoil showed himself an interesting character, and a man of business, dealing on his trade of assorted fruits and cheap candles outside the door on the North side of the street. At night he slept in a room on the second floor.

The Delancey street side was remarkable for its representatives of widely different backgrounds. Under Sher's store, a cellar to be reached from a treacherous flight of steps leading down to the waterfront, lived a black man who had a junk shop, which he kept tightly closed a great part of the time, and often refused to open it at all. The other dwellers in the tenement knew very little about this son of Erin, and the most of them called him "the black fellow." One of the neighbors was that he frequently slept there. At any rate, he was often to be seen carrying his great load of goods up or down stairs, and going off on hired carts, and getting back one day in four more.

There, too, but he never spoke to anyone living in the house. He would come one day in two, could help it, and was taciturn and moody, taking no interest in anything except on election days.

At the end of the tenement were three dwellings

[illegible]

Overhead, Austria reigned in wretched apartments. A heavily bearded man, quite balding, with a long, thin nose and a thin mustache and booted as if he were still in the vicinity of Prague, sat at a table under the light of a single smoky lamp. A wretched, shabby, old woman, with a face like a little children, scantily clothed and dirty, clutched her skirts as if fearful that some one would carry them away. There was an atmosphere of semi-starvation about this miniature household.

Hardly less deplorable was the condition of the kitchen, which occupied the same floor. The same bearded man, rough and despondent, yet evidencing a vast amount of physical vitality, crouched in the doorway, his hands on his knees, while an old woman and a young girl, the latter an orphan, sat on the floor, their faces

"I've an old woman and a young girl, and
 my fingers grow with toll. The room had
 only a tumble-down bed, a rough table
 and a stool. The woman, who was a Jew
 student, plainly unimpaired, yet these peo-
 ple managed always to pay their weekly rent.
 "The next morning I was taken to the
 Norfolk street stairway. As the Journal-
 man knocked on the doorway of the front
 room one light up, and the door was
 opened by a bright, light-colored girl who
 met his eye, with three or four tallors
 working away busily on pieces of cloth.
 "The room was a small, square room,
 floor, and the evidence that here was a
 money-making enterprise on a small scale.
 "The room was a small, square room,
 to be a Galilean Jew. He had three rooms,
 the two smaller of which were used as bed-
 rooms, and the largest as a work room.
 "I saw these people, who were comfort-
 able, contented and happy. Money,

From Hungary came the Leberkopts at the back of this floor, a fairly prosperous family—a man, a woman and one child—had two rooms, well filled with knick-knacks and quaint foreign furniture. The child was a baby at the breast, and both the Leberkopts were young and energetic people.



Almost spotlessly neat were the rooms of this Silesian patriarch, Sellig Vosburg. While it was not plenty, it was not suffering and starvation in these rooms at any rate. There were only two of the rooms and at least six people lived in them, but some of the comforts of home at any rate were visible, and there were even little touches of ornamentation and semi-prosperity.

The bicycle manufacturers keep tight up, giving to the world novelties in the line of silent steel steeds. More men of inventive turn of mind are to-day wrestling with the problems of gearing, sprockets, pedals, tires and "rigidity of frame," than ever turned to washing machines, churns or automatic freight car couplers. The crank is also at work and stimulates the cycling world daily with the weird combinations of the wheels within his own head.

In all this whirlpool of invention there must be some merit. The bamboo bicycle, that is a cycle the frame of which is bamboo instead of steel tubing, which was scooped at a year ago, is to-day in England given "respectful consideration."

may be the cheap bicycle that optimists have all along predicted the coming of. Many true words are spoken in jest, and the dreams of romancers are often found realized in the model room of the United States Patent Office.

Julius Verne's Nautilus was only a few years ahead of the submarine torpedo. The inventor of the sketch artist showed a man who stored compressed gas in the tubing of his machine with which to feed his lamp. A practical man seized the idea, made some experiments, got letters patent, and the plan works to perfection.

The cartoonist made merry over this wheelman on the ice. Three bicycles for service on the ice are shown in the market, and the inventor shows in the nearest

The latest device is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is a canvas band with coopers of special design to grip the tire on the rear wheel and to insure steady steering of the front wheel. The stationary tire is approved by the ordinary inflated tire and is to be used with the everyday bicycle. A speed of fifteen miles an hour can be maintained on this steel-shod wheel.

The jokesmiths and cartoonists stumbled on to a practical idea when they depicted old Farmer Oatcake riding a wheel that propelled a mowing machine. Thomas Caldwell, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who has taken out more patents on lawn mowers than any one else in the world, laughed at the picture at first, then retired to his workshop, and in a few days sent his ap-

The machine is made with the ordinary rear wheel of a bicycle and a twenty-inch mower in the place of the front wheel. The mower wheels have pneumatic tires and run as smoothly as a bicycle itself. The mower is attached with long steel prongs or forks, and may be adjusted to cut high or low. The pedals are placed directly on the large wheel shaft, dispensing with the chain sprocket wheels and crank shaft of the bicycle.

The strain of pushing the mower taken off the frame and head of the machine by two rods, one on each side of the large wheel, one end of which is attached to the frame at the centre of the wheel, and the other to the mower. The machine turns more readily than a bicycle, in fact, may be turned around in a six-foot circle. It takes no more power to operate it than to propel an ordinary bicycle.

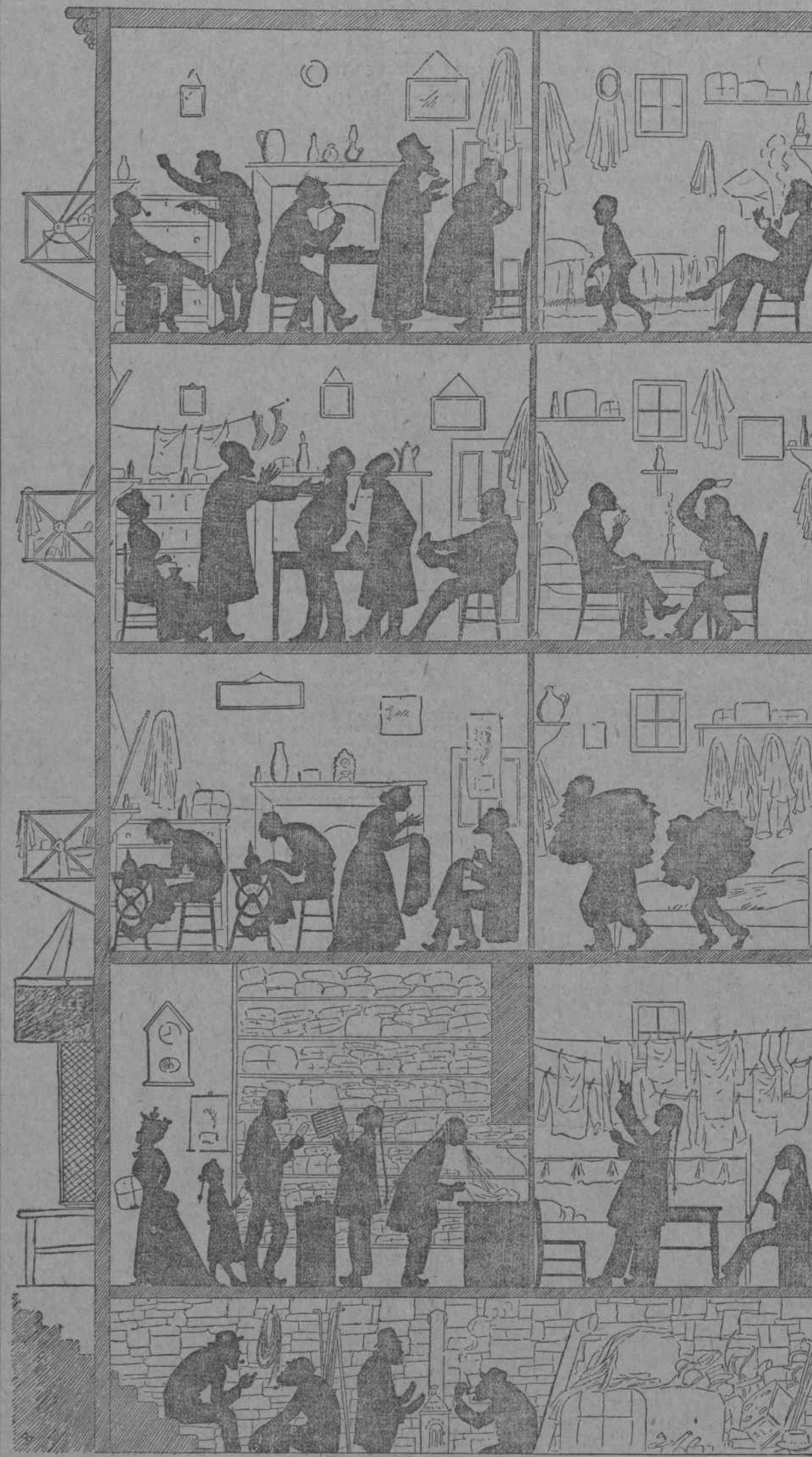
It is not yet perfected to run on a slight hill, but Mr. Caldwell expects to overcome this little difficulty, and is devising a piece of mechanism by which the rider will always retain a perpendicular position while the mower may be cutting with one end

The mower may be cutting with one end elevated higher than the other. The mower cycle is guided just as the bicycle is, by the handles, and a lawn can be gone over in one-third the time it takes to do it with an ordinary hand mower.

And still another joke has gone wrong as a joke, and suggested the practical development of the quadracycle, a family machine calculated to add to the gaiety of nations. It is the invention of a Denver man, Krug by name, and he has

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THE VERY LATEST CRANKY, CRAZY AND SENSIBLE BICYCLE INVENTIONS.

